

Akala - A Game Named Life Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: The Thieves Banquet

And s[Verse 1]

A game named life where fools make the rules
And poets paint pictures with words that change nothing
Survival of the fittest they say, are they sure?
Or just the survival of those with the will to kill more?
The heart that thinks itself purely, surely is not hungry?
Because hungry knows too well, the world is fuckery
And nature is indifferent to the suffering of infants
That think ourselves growing human beings and something special
But as fate would have it, I ain't buying the idea of fate
It seems we shape every place that we grace with hate
Depending which side of the fence or which epoch
You die a slow death or be singing from the treetops
Praise for the status quo, cus you're comfortable
Those who lost out in this lottery, ha, fuck 'em all
Nice with this roll of the dice, I'm quite proud and
I don't know if we will ever roll another time round

[Hook - Mai Khalil]

It's a game named life
In a game named life
In a game named life
In a game named life
In a game named life
Where the dice decide where I go
There I go, in a game named life
I dream to be let go

[Verse 2]

A game named life, where fools make the rules
And poets paint pictures with words that change nothing
Young child soldier, revolver not bluffing
In a game that teaches children to kill but can't love them
What is the journey of a bullet from the ground until we pull it?
A piece of earth made blow holes in souls
I'd like to know does a child choose in its mother's core or before as just a sperm to be born in war?
Does another sperm choose greatness floating in his father's pleasure?
Or does the game only begin when the umbilical's severed?
Is that the reason babies born screaming?
Because they know they left the spirit world
To live here with no meaning among demons
That see them as nothing more than chess pieces
In a game named life where even the winners stop breathing
And the whole thing is as tedious as a tale that is told twice
We clone life but don't even own our own life

[Hook - Mai Khalil]

[Bridge - Mai Khalil]

Sacrifice, pain and strife
The game named life is over
Before we even know

[Verse 3]

Life is a mirror always looking at you
It's not what we say or think, we are just what we do
With the time that is given it comes with no ribbon
Because life is not a gift to everyone that's living
Most of the moves are made before you took your first go
Some got a huge head start before their first role
So you could play with more skill than the other players
They will still be head because the past generations
Accumulated spaces so they could practice with acres
Illuminated arrangements so they could manage retainers
Are you foolish? They ain't racing we're chasing the pay slip
So they have won before even the game starts unless we change it
To another set of rules different from the fools
But to do that we are going to have to use their tools
And therein lies our greatest dilemma
In this game named life, who's playing it better?

[Hook - Mai Khalil] x2